



Extra Chapter 2 – “Monday Before Sunrise II”

This is a report on Gldemo’s meetings.

“Our concerts are lackin’ de flare dese days,” Iwasawa said one day, backstage (in some empty classroom) after a live concert.

“Really? The fans seemed pretty fired up to me,” Hisako replied, wiping away her sweat.

“Of course dey are! Dat’s cos of all de killer-tunes Oi wrote!” Iwasawa started another one of her music-nut rants, “But ye tink dat’s goin’ te be enoof?! How long do ye tink we can keep goin’ loike dis?! Normally, we’d graduate after three years, but in dis warrld, we’ll alwus be turd years! What? Are we jist gonna keep leechin’ off me lyrical creativity ’til it runs out?! Git off yer lazy arses! Contribute! Don’t jist practice yer own parts an’

push everytin’ else onte me!!”

“Well, do you want me to write lyrics?” Hisako suggested.

“Can ye write killer tunes?”

“Nothing at your level, but still.”

“Oh, so jist some half-arsed tin’ dat’d barely make it te de album!? We don’t need dat crap!”

“I can try my best.”

“What do ye tink Gldemo songs are? If dis warrld had an Oricon, our songs would rank first every toime! Dat’s de koind of songs we do! It’s at a level dat even Akimoto Yasushi’d git jealous over, if we were in de warrld of de livin’.”

Where did she get that kind of confidence...

“Yer songs are, at most, freebies dat’d git tossed inte singles as CD padders. No way in hell dey’d make it te de albums.”

“That’s kind of harsh...”

“Jist forgit it. I’ll handle de song writin’. Killer tunes will keep on comin’, so dontche worry. What ye shud worry ’bout, is findin’ some ways te contribute other dan jist playin’ yer own instruments, alroi!? Irie! Anytin’?!”

“Like maybe drumming in my swimsuit, so all the NPC boys would

pay attention to me?”

“Swimsuits!? Naw! A pair of panties is all ye need!”

“Eh? And up top?”

“Use yer hands.”

“Hold on, how is she supposed to drum then?” Hisako calmly raised her objection.

“Drum, den cover, den drum, den cover. Do it fast enoof, and ye can drum an’ still have yer tits properly covered.”

“Yeah right... She can’t do both at the same time. For one thing, her boobs are definitely going to show!”

“Den let dem show!”

What a thing to say!

“But how much good will that do? Sure, it will cause a commotion that day, but if Irie keeps on drumming topless, sooner or later it’s gonna lose its charm,” I said in support of Hisako’s objection.

“True, true. Irie’s tits aren’t all dat.”

“Wha-? Hey... Sure, mine are small, but that’s not necessarily a bad thing... I mean, some people actually go for that, you know...”

“You want to go topless or something?!”

“Anyone got anytin’ else? Oi’ll handle de killer tunes.”

Did she just want to say “killer tune” or something...?

“Hisako, come up wi’ some new stoyle of guitar playin’.”

“What...?”

“Jimi Hendrix played wi’ his teeth. Van Halen had tappin’. Jónsi used a cello bow. Now, if you, de lead guitarist of Gldemo, discovered a new stoyle, dat’d totally take us te new hoights! Ye’d make de fans lose deir moinds an’ rave loike a bunch of headless chickens!”

“I’m pretty sure all the styles that will ever be discovered have already been discovered.”

“Dere must be sometin’. Don’t gie up so quickly... Ah, how about starin’ at it?”

“What?”

“Put yer guitar on de guitar-stan’, fold yer arms, an’ jist gawk at it. See? Sometin’ new!”

“I’m not even playing then!”

“Don’t trap yerself in de mentality dat guitars have te be played! Okay, try it out when we do ‘Crow Song’.”

“Um... So, just leave it on the stand?”

“Yeh, an’ gawk at it.”

“What about my guitar solo?”

“Dat’s yer guitar solo! Everyone’ll be loike, ‘Whoa, what is she doin’?’ and ye’d have deir full attention, see?”

“I’ll bet...”

“But ye’d be jist standin’ dere, wi’ yer arms folded, an’ starin’ at de tin’.”

“And this is where the headless-chicken raving starts...?”

“Naw, de second toime. De first toime dey’ll jist be shocked senseless.”

“Really...?”

“You can have de stoyle, I don’t moind. Tell people ye invented it. It’ll be known as de Hisako Playin’ Style.”

“Without even the playing...”

“Grand, now, bassist Sekine.”

She turned to me.

“Yes?”

“Make dat guitar go boing boing.”

“Boing boing?”

“Loosen up de strings. Two octaves lower. Make dem go boing boing!
Ultra bass, ye know!? Come on, it’s not rocket scoience!”

“But then I can’t play any notes...”

“Jist sing dem out!”

“Eh?”

“Whatche tink de chorus mic’s fer?!”

“...Chorus?”

Song’!”

“Yeah, like I didn’t know.”

“An’ Sekine!”



“Yes?”

“Yer strings were looser dan a bleedin’ slinky! What de hell’s wrong witcha?!”

“You told me to...”

“An’ what wus dat ye said on stage?”

“Doo-loo-doo-doo...”

“Doo-loo-doo-dong, damn it!”

“Not the same?”

“Now ye listen! De last part, dong! See? Not doo! Dong! Don’t break de flow!”

“I don’t think that’s what was breaking the flow...”

“Now den, based off of dese points, let’s discuss how ye are gonna improve fer next toime.”

...and she went on, completely oblivious to our complaints.

“Can’t we just play normally?”

“No, today’s loive had an impact. De fans’ response was definitely different.”

“Yeah, because we were all so messed up...”

“Naw, sometin’s comin’... Dey knew it. Dat’s why dey were so soilent. Waitin’. Waitin’

te bear witness te de birth of a new Gldemo! An’ we’ve gotta answer deir yearnin’! Dis is our chance... First, Irie!”

“Ye... yes?”

“Play de snare wi’ yer head.”

“Wha- what?!”

“Hey, dat’s loike headbanging at de seem toime! Awesome!”

“No, no, wait... She’s going to pass out half-way through from all the blood going to her head!” said Hisako, once again to the rescue.

“Part of rock!”

“Like hell it is... Irie, are you sure you want to do this?”

“I can’t go against Iwasawa, so I guess I’ll try...”

“Next, Hisako. Ye need a new playin’ stoyle.”

“Make it an actual ‘playing’ style this time. I’m not going to just stare at it again...”

“Hang yer guitar across de guitar stan’-”

“What- Again?!”

“Dis toime ye won’t jist gawk at it. You’ll make it move.”

shud know how much I love ye guys!

Come on! How many centuries have we been playin' togedder?!"

"I wouldn't count in centuries..."

"Den tink of sometin' yerself, Irie! An' Hisako! Dis isn't de time te be a smartass."

"I'm not."

"Yeh, ye were just standin' dere, lookin' loike a roi lemon!"

"I was transmitting my hate waves the whole time!"

"Ye weren't hatin' it enoof! Bear more grudge against it! Didn't ye come inte dis warrld cos ye were chopped in half by a guitar?!"

"Like hell I did!"

"In de end ye did nuttin' fer the whole 'Crow Song' jist loike last toime!"

"Yeah, like I didn't know."

"Irie, come up wi' anytin' yet?"

"Um, how about drumming with my bare hands...?"

"Ye even tryin'?! Gldemo's already at de headbang-snare-playin' level, and ye want te drum wi' yer hands?! Ye tryin' te bore people te death?!"

"Well, what else am I supposed to do?"

"Oi'll tell ye what te do. At de climax, take a doive roi inte de drum set. Now dat's a smashin' climax!"

"How do I keep the beats going?"

"What do yer tink de bass is fer?! De bass'll keep de flow going, so don't worry 'bout it!

Jist flip out as much as ye can! Man, it's goin' te be such a rush!"

"And after the climax? What do I do during the second verse?"

"Put yer drums back up quickly. Ye got one bar of break dere, so fix

dem all up an' start Melody A loike nuttin's happened."

"All... right."

"What- You're really going to do that...?" Hisako questioned.

Was that even possible?

"See? Irie's willin' te do so much for de team. Hisako, dontche tink ye shud quit dat child-play of yers an' do sometin' useful?"

"I don't like how you're pressuring me..."

"Sharpen yer pick 'til it's as sharp as a glass shard. Naw, even better! Use a box-cutter.

Use a box-cutter as yer guitar pick."

"And what's that supposed to achieve...?"

"When we're reachin' de climax, yer neee te start cuttin' yer strings as if it's wronged ye or sometin', an' dat is gonna git us de rush we need!"

"I can't play like that!"

"What do yer tink de bass is fer?! De bass'll keep de flow going, so don't worry 'bout it!

Jist cut de strings!"

"And after the climax? What am I supposed to do during the second verse?"

"Put new strings on quickly. Ye got one bar of break dere, so fix it up an' start Melody A loike nuttin's happened."

"There's no way I can put on new strings and tune it in just one bar..."

"Try! Quit whinin' loike a child every time ye meet a challenge!"

"I'm just not childish enough to think it's possible..."

No doubt Hisako was the mature one here.

"So, Sekine."

In the end, she turned toward me again.

“While Hisako and Irie are flippin’ out an’ gittin’ de energy goin’, whatche gonna do?”

“Doo-loo-doo-dong... Right?”

“Irie’s flingin’ herself onto her drums, Hisako’s slashin’ all her strings, and all ye’re gonna do’s jist go doo-loo-doo-dong?!”

“What should I say then?”

“Doo-loo-doo-do-be-do-waaa.”

“Doo-loo-doo-do-be-do-wa...”

“Longer! Doo-loo-doo-do-be-do-waaaaaaaaaaa!”

“Doo-loo-doo-do-be-do-waaaaaaaaaaa!”

“Phew...”

I put down my pen.

“Good work.”

In the same moment, someone grabs me hard by the shoulders.

“Oh ho ho. Now that’s some interesting stuff you’ve got there.”

This voice... Hisako?

I turn around to find all three of them here in my room, and my blood instantly goes cold.

“You haven’t forgotten that this is supposed to be your punishment, right? So why did you start writing this nonsense again, huh Sekine?”

She looks seriously menacing, her mouth twitching as she speaks.

“Hey, Shiorin. Just who are you calling a topless drummer?”

Even the gentle Miyukichi has a vein pulsing on her forehead as she smiles.

“You’re only writing this because of all that junk you put in the activity diary, but it’s only the first day, and you’re already making up whatever you want again! Are you trying to pick a fight or something, girl?!”

Those fingers begin to sink deeper and deeper into my shoulders.

“Ow, ow, that seriously hurts, Hisako! And why am I getting this huge sense of déjà vu...?”

“Nope. I don’t remember anything. You have my full support, Hisako.”

“Eh?! You’re turning against me too, Miyukichi?!”

“I can deal with what you wrote about me... but it’s nothing compared to what you wrote about Iwasawa. Man, you’ve really done

it now,” says Hisako.

“>_<”

Hisako turns toward the entrance, and I do too, shivering like a leaf.

Standing there, at the center of our attention is Iwasawa.

"Hmm? What?"

It's like she's in another world.

"Um, didn't you just read this thing...?"

"Yeah."

"Aren't you pissed?"

"About?"

"Um, Iwasawa, Shiorin called you a nut. She even gave you a fake Irish accent, and wrote you off as some weirdo again..."

"It's her report. Just let her report how it all felt to her. Anyways, we're only here in the middle of the night because I want you guys to listen to this new bridge part, so let's get on with it."



She puts down her case, takes out a guitar, and starts playing.

And just like that, all the tension caused by my report disappears into thin air, and we are once again united.

...Yup, like always, a true music nut.

This is the last of Angel Beats -Track ZERO-.

My thanks goes out to my wonderful **editors: e and Naru.**